

Fibre Optic Weapons by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Cinema Dialogue Snippet]

Is this true? You refuse to worship my statue?

O' King! We do not need to defend ourselves before you in this matter

Oh, really? Then you shall be thrown into the furnace and no god will save you from my hand

If we are thrown into the blazing furnace, our God will defend us from it, and if he does not, we want you to know, O' King, that we will not serve your God, or worship your statue

Enough! You dare to defy me? Let the furnace be heated sevenfold! Bind them and cast them into the fire

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

Yo, yo, yo, I ain't gotta get on my knees, Mahdi is too gracious

Tracking devices in the bag, I ain't gotta chase it

Anti-everything, except green, I'm a racist

Levels to the game and all type of wild stages

Scarred up inside the booth, you embrace my rages

Connected with Vinnie and pass me a bag of lasers

Innovative, fire lines like all my food is cajun

Headshots take 'em out, so we do more than graze 'em

Lines like it came from the mind of Wes Craven

Product of struggle and pain, basically what it gave 'em

Something you could only find inside the deepest pavement

Like God or Satan, made the most foulest arrangement

Still banging and still reporting, look how he lay 'em

Forever right for the course, the boss, look how he lay 'em

[Chorus]

I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore

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[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

We seen the presidents in black robes and pointy hoods

Up to no good, worshipin' burnin' owls in the woods

Worshipin' burning towers as they stood to collapse

In front of the world and the cloud of burning bodies to soot

Age of vengeance, this is essence of death

Exorcist, smite the devil in majestic bliss

Global conquest, effortless

I gave him 10 bitcoins for 11 bricks, I'm forever slick
My mind spray, shootout with the CIA, jump through Stargate
Ubers like Luger in a William Cooper stupid supercoven
Shoot-your-mother cult
Leader-of-four-hundred cult
Bloody killers that are hungry, dysfunction, destruction
Grab Uzi, aim, shoot, insta-Beirut, attract a grapefruit
She wanna rock a chain to stay true
But they shot the windows out where your kids live
Eat shit and die, your new name is "shit list"

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

A goof do goofy shit, and homie you a sucka
The yappa had him sleepin' in his whip like he a trucker
Adherence to the Sunnah and his word is word to mother
Police could talk to you and get a name, 'cause you a sucka
If you wanna get some [?], get a pound from the plug
I was nothin', homie, then I got it out of the mud
Listen, the Sig Sauer make his family tremor
Dressed in all black like somebody lost a family member
He look for God but he gonna find the devil
But God find his vessel, water find its level
It's goons here, they was plotting robberies out
And the semi big, it'll take your arteries out
Homie was OG and did a bit in Walla Walla
It's never mask off, it's only a balaclava
I got 13's, they will pick up the deuce
It's a G-36 and it's big as a moose

[Chorus]

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